

## VOYAGE

*Tafea Polamalu*

*Silence stuck to your skin  
When you spoke  
It was the ever changing  
Color of water*

*Silver blue  
You decorated the body  
Of a dead Banyan with your*

*Poems knowing the wind would  
Carry your words across the sea*

*When you slept  
Your breaths created soft  
Currents nonexistent to the  
Untrained ear*

*But I listened  
Memorized tides  
Planned my life around  
The two-beat rhythm  
Hoping they might  
Take me beyond*

*The reef of jagged teeth  
Take me to the house of the sliding sun  
Where no walls divide*

*Take me away  
To April... to March... to May  
Where we used to paint our  
Faces red with clay  
And say nothing for hours*

*I was in Jersey last year and  
I heard wind echoing your  
Voice through stone alleys  
And concrete canyons*

*Long your words have traveled  
From dead Banyan across sea  
In soft breezes and strong gusts  
Inside me the current recognizes  
Your rhythm and we do not skip a beat*

*Silence is your voice  
Reminding me to Love*